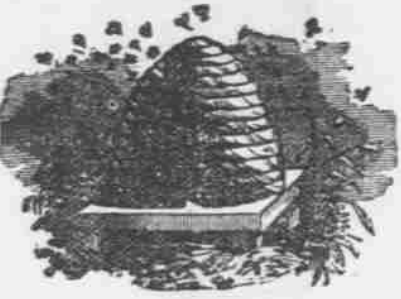


THE BEE HIVE,



Opp. U. P. Depot, Abilene, Kas.

HAVE READY THIS MINUTE

The nicest stock in the city, marked low, and ready for

ANY ONE WHO LIKES A GOOD THING.

Simply ask for your business, in order to save you money.

Our Wonderfully Complete Stock

Will make friends, out-shine rivals, win victories, and sell itself on its merits every time.

Fancy and Staple Dry Goods, Dress Goods, Notions, Groceries, Ladies', Misses' and Children's Shoes, Men's and Boys' Boots and Shoes are all marvels of popularity, seasonable styles and fair prices.

Our Ladies' Button Dongola Shoe at \$1.65, and Gents' Congress Shoe at \$1.65 are a great surprise to those who have tried them.

The Bee Hive.

Opp. U. P. Depot, Abilene, Kansas.

PLAYING POLO.

One Beneficial Result of Our Anglomania.

A Manly Sport Which Combines Horse-manship with Exhilarating Musical Training—The Game Becoming National.

We have, during the past dozen years, writes Col. T. A. Dodge in Harper's Magazine, drawn from our top of anglomania a manly and useful game. How easy it is to blow away the froth which rests on the excellent draught below. One of the most exhilarating of our imported sports is polo, and as it happens that our plains furnish so excellent a mount, and our increasing out-door habits so many players the game may well become a national one. The motto of the day in English sports is speed. Fox hunting of the last generation was a modest performance at a hand gallop; Sir Roger de Coverley rode to bounds at a canter. But within two score years the cross-country pace has been run up to racing speed. More and more thorough blood has been called for in both pack and field, and the old-fashioned hunter of our sires could not live through the shortest burst to-day. The same thing applies to polo—the faster and more able the rider, the better the performance of the rider. You can get enormous weight-carrying capacity in an underbred pony, as well as remarkable endurance, but not at speed. When you call on a fourteen hands pony to carry one hundred and sixty pounds and upward at speed, you must have blood. Even the wisest of us are an undersized thoroughbred will do wonders in this way. The sudden bursts or racing pace called out at polo have made the English breed for small thoroughbreds. Capital polo ponies have been raised from the hardy Exmoor ponies with blooded sires. More barrel comes of this cross, together with a certain hardness, but the little knife-blade thoroughbred will often carry as big a man, and endurance at speed is the inheritance only of his race. These words, in fact, sum up that peculiar quality which has not yet been reached in any other animal, except, perhaps, the greyhound.

So much for the English pony. When we come to riders, it will be many years before we can boast the skill of our transatlantic cousins, or either of us that of the Japanese, with their light cup-wands for mallets, and feather weight balls. The American polo fields by no means exhibit the play you see in England. Many a man here indulges in recklessness which would warn him off the ground at Hurlingham. It takes years at the game to produce the atmosphere which breeds perfection, and in the twenty it has been played in England it has well-nigh reached this point. But it is well to persevere. We are making marked progress in all our sports, and polo may yet become as much a national game as baseball—though let us hope without its commercial aspect.

The American polo pony is no other than our little bronco friend. Many come from Texas, Wyoming, Montana. The clever cow-boy is rarely trained for the polo ground. He will catch the idea of the game as quickly as he caught the trick of cow-punching, and he has already learned to stop and turn

and twist as only he can do. When he is taken off the cars on arrival here from his familiar haunts on the cattle ranges he is the sorriest, gauntest, most miserable equine specimen one can find in a day's tramp. In a month or two you would never guess your plump, handsome, able little pony to be the same individual.

No other animal will recover from such Strapazas, as the Germans phrase it. And when he has undergone the torture of docking, and is finally invested with the pigskin, nothing but the brand remains of the ragged little hero of the plains.

The pony is used to a single gait. But he is tractable, and not a few will guide by perfect in a snaffle. So many of our polo-players require the horse to be a "means of support" that the loose rein of the cowboy will in no wise do. The perfect polo rider has not yet made his appearance. Under him the bronco would more quickly become the perfect polo pony. It would take but a few months' training to teach him to guide by the legs alone, if need be. Indeed, his Indian master built his nest annually in the park of the castle Rhuiebenn. A few years ago one of the servants placed a ring with the name of the place and date on the leg of the male bird, in order to be certain that the same bird returned each year. This spring the stork came back to its customary place, the bearer of two rings. The second one bore the inscription: "India sends greetings to Germany."

Distant Travels of the Stork.

An interesting proof of the distant travels of a stork was discovered this spring in the neighborhood of Berlin. For a number of years a pair of storks nested annually in the park of the castle Rhuiebenn. A few years ago one of the servants placed a ring with the name of the place and date on the leg of the male bird, in order to be certain that the same bird returned each year. This spring the stork came back to its customary place, the bearer of two rings. The second one bore the inscription: "India sends greetings to Germany."

Expensive Wadding.

According to the dispatch from Winona, Minn., twelve thousand dollars in bills has been found in a piano stool among the effects of Lena Weinberg, the housekeeper of the old Huff house, who died two years ago. Eighteen months ago twelve thousand dollars was found in some false-bottomed trunks. The stool was ingeniously fixed to hold money without suspicion. The find was made by the administrator.

Caused By Pecuniations.

Knoxton, N. Y., Oct. 4.—As a result of an examination carried on for several days by bank examiners the Ulster county savings bank of Kingston did not open for business to-day. Treasurer Ostrander of the bank was recently arrested charged with misappropriating \$75,000 of the funds and this caused a run, but the flurry ceased on the announcement being made by the bank in a position to know that the bank was sound.

The Claim on Deer Creek.

By A. H. GIBSON.

The girl, nearly petrified with fright over the underhand plot to which she had listened, and which, if carried out according to the villain's plans, would rob her and her father of a home where they had been faithfully toiling all summer, waited until the deepening shades of evening hid the horsemen from view, then leaving the cow to find her own way back, she sped up the creek toward the dugout.

She found her father, pale, thin and weak, sitting in the door, where the cool breath of evening fanned his feverish brow. He looked so ghastly, so powerless to contend with human affairs, as she half reclined there in the starlight, that Nancy hesitated to tell him what she had overheard down in the wild plum thicket. But it was right that he should be forewarned, and she must break it to him as gently as she could.

"Where' yer been, Nancy?" he asked feebly, as she threw herself on the bench near him.

"Jest down ther creek," she answered, her voice trembling.

"Yer act scart, Nancy, as ef yer'd been a-runnin'," her father remarked, noticing the girl's strange agitation.

"Well, pap, I did see two big varmints down on the corner of ther claim," she returned, trying to laugh.

"Two big varmints? Wolves?"

"Yes, or leas'twice wolves that hee two feet an' wears trousers—human wolves, wot'er heeap more dangerous than ther four footed kind."

"Wot do yer mean, Nancy?" Hamlet asked, mystified.

"I seed Dick Hines an' one o' his gang down ther."

"Dick Hines! On my claim? Wot was he doin' ther?"

"Plottin' ter git er contract fur our claim an' then run us out," and with that introductory explanation she gave her father a clear account of the villain's scheme as she had overheard it.

"Wot kin we do?" he appealed to the girl in his helpless way. "I reckon he'll beat us outen ther claim yit," and the sick man became overwrought with dejection.

"No he won't, pap," and Nancy set her mouth resolutely as she asked herself what she could do to outwit her enemy. She would not show despair now before her feeble father.

"Ef Tom Byers was only home he might stop Hines," said the troubled settler.

Nancy's face flushed at the mention of that name, and she did not immediately make answer.

"It's awful ter be so no-account as I am," the sick man wailed. "I'm so weak I couldn't take my part agin a crawfish now; an' that's no use peddin' ter ther neighbors, fur ther kinder down on me 'cause I've refused ter become er member o' ther league. Hines is plumb shore ter git ther claim," he reiterated, his old spirit all crushed by disease.

"No, Hines won't," and the girl sprang to her feet, her eyes flashing with the fire of a sudden resolve. "I'll stop him myself."

"Yer, Nancy?"

"Yes, pap."

"How'll yer do it?"

"I'll git on ther pony, ride over ter Baxter, an' tell ther land agent all about ther claim," returned Nancy.

"Hines'll beat yer ter."

"No, he won't, pap, fur I'm aimin' ter start ter night an' git ahead o' him."

"Yer shan't go, Nancy."

"But, pap, I must. Yer not able, but I am. Ain't I been actin' yer boy, an' tendin' ter ther stock," she reasoned playfully, "an' wot'er ter hinder me frum goin'?"

"It's so fur, child, nigh outen twenty-two miles, an' over sich wild prairies. But ther night's ther biggest objection."

"It's er heap cooler ridin' at night," she argued. "Say yes, pap, fur I'm bound ter go. Jest think! Our home's at stake, and ef ther wot'er ter be ridin' on erbort ther bein' cool veins along ther creek, our claim's mighty valyble. I'm goin' ter save it."

"But yer kaint git ther contract with-out my presence, Nancy," Hamlet said despondently. "I know ther pint o' ther land law."

"No, pap, but I kin see ther land agent an' tell him erbout Hines. An' ef yer willin' I kin take ther money yer've been savin' ter build er house an' pay down on ther claim. Then we'll shore be ahead o' ole Hines."

Hamlet saw it would be utterly useless for him to raise any more objections. Nancy was determined to go to Baxter that night to outwit Dick Hines, and it would require more than his spent strength to induce her to give up the mission.

About eleven o'clock the brave girl mounted her pony and rode away from the dugout. Knotted in one corner of a handkerchief were two hundred dollars, which Hamlet had given her to pay down on the claim. That concerned the whole cash account, and had been saved for another purpose that fall, but he yielded it up gladly to Nancy's care, believing with her that it would be better invested in securing a contract for the land.

She would have to ride about eight miles across the unbroken prairie before she reached the "Old Mission" road, as it was called. That gained, she would have a straight, well traveled way to Baxter Springs, near the southern border of the tract.

The tract of land known as the Neutral Lands comprised about eight hundred thousand acres of fertile prairie, located in the southeastern part of the state.

It had been owned by the Cherokee Indians, who had ceded it in trust to the United States about the close of the war of secession. The secretary of the interior was the agent of the Indians to sell the land.

After considerable wrangling over the disposal of the land in parcels, as the agent had been authorized to do, the entire body was purchased by James F. Joy, of Michigan, who became owner of the Neutral Lands soon after the arrival of the Hamlet family, in 1868.

The families or settlers who had been located on the Neutral Lands before Joy had purchased them declared the whole business to be a vast swindle, they maintaining a perfect right to take claims there under the pre-emption or homestead acts.

Excitement ran high on those wild prairies, and the anti-Joy settlers organized leagues, and pledged themselves to resist the claims of the purchaser to the death if it became necessary.

The settlers were deceived by the false

rumors of evil agitators, who had nothing to do but ride from one cabin to another, keeping strife so stirred up that the true situation of the matter was veiled from their understanding.

A league was formed near Hamlet's claim, and though he had been invited and even urged to join it he took a position of neutrality. He had faith that congress would adjust the trouble satisfactorily, and went on making such rude improvements as he was able on his quarter section, content to await the final decision of that body.

Nancy Hamlet urged her pony forward across the lonely prairie. There was no moon, but the bright stars which shone in the dark blue vault above her enabled her to keep the proper course.

Alone in the deep darkness of midnight, out on the prairie, the girl's heart felt a sense of desolation and awe that was almost past enduring. Silence brooded somberly everywhere, broken occasionally when her pony frightened up some bird that had been passing the night in the rank grass.

Gaining the main traveled road leading to Baxter the girl felt a revival of courage. Speaking more hopefully to her animal she galloped away, as if freshly animated for her mission.

It was a thinly settled region she was passing through, and only a lonely cabin, where all was silent as the grave, every two or three miles apart, rose dimly before her view.

She neared the small town of Baxter Springs just as the eastern horizon toward the dark woods along Spring river began to grow crimson with the first flash of dawn.

In the outskirts of the place she was halted by a military guard, who regarded the girl suspiciously.

A sub-officer was called, who, on learning the dauntless Nancy's errand, courteously conducted her himself to the boarding house where the agent for the Neutral Lands had rooms.

He was hastily aroused from his morning nap, and presently appeared in the little sitting room where Nancy Hamlet awaited him.

After she had confided in him as much of their trouble with Hines as she cared to, and told her business in coming at such an unusually early hour, the agent said:

"Well, Miss Hamlet, I must say you have acted bravely in outwitting a villain, and you and your father have my true sympathy in your troubles. Of course, as you are aware, your father's presence will be necessary to make the contract valid. But you may leave a payment on the claim in my hands, for which I will write you out a receipt, and your father can come in when he is able to make the trip, and we'll fix up his legal title to the land."

Thanking the agent for his kindness, and taking the receipt which he made out for her, Nancy mounted her pony and started homeward, her heart in a wild tumult of ecstasy over the success she had achieved in defeating a bad man.

The sun was just peeping above the hills, burnishing the tree tops with lucid amber, as she rode out of Baxter.

There was a warm tint on her oval cheeks, her hazel eyes had the brightness of triumph in them, while the breeze from the southwest played strange havoc with the unconfined dark locks of the brave prairie maiden. She was a picture of girlish beauty and modest heroism.

She had not left the town more than two miles behind her when, on entering a wood lined a stream, she came face to face with Dick Hines and his brutal faced ally.

Her presence so far from home, so near Baxter, made Hines suspect the truth at once. His face darkened savagely, and fixing her with his hawkish eyes, while an ugly imprecation fell from his lips, he sought to block her passage.

The road had been washed deep by hard rains, with high, steep banks on either side, so Nancy had no choice but to draw her pony aside to let the men pass. But instead of going on, Hines and his companion halted directly before her, and with a leer in his face the leader said:

"Where' yer been so airy, gal?"

"Tendin' ter my own business, Dick Hines," she replied with spirit.

"Wot's ther paper yer got in yer hand?" Hines demanded, catching sight of the folded receipt which she held as too precious to let out of her sight.

"That's my father's. Let me pass."

"Not so fast, gal. Yer been ter Baxter ter the land agent, an' ther paper hee savin' ter build er house an' pay down on ther claim. I'm goin' ter see ther paper," he asserted with a loud oath.

"No, yer not," the girl cried, trying to force her pony past the villain. But he grasped her bridle rein and restrained her.

"Finley, yer kin take ther paper frum her while I hold ther pony," said Hines, with malignant exultation beaming in every feature of his countenance.

Finley rode toward the girl's side to do his leader's bidding, but instantly she transferred the receipt to her mouth and shut her teeth tight together.

"Choke ther damned hussy!" roared Hines, and again Finley approached her, an evil glitter in his green eyes.

At that moment there was the hurried clatter of hoofs over the stony road leading toward the little ford where Nancy Hamlet had been stopped by the two scoundrels, and a clear voice that sent the red blood flowing back into the girl's fear-blinded cheeks rang out sharply on the pure morning air:

"Lay one finger on that girl at yer peril!" and Tom Byers, with flashing eyes, covered the villains with his six shooter.

With muttered curses the baffled wretches fell back in surprise and confusion.

"Now ride, whelps!" he ordered, following them with the weapon. "An' keep on ridin' till yer git clear out o' God's country. Don't let me ketch yer back on Deer Creek or ther Neosho river pollutin' ther air with yer rotten devilment, or I'll shoot yer down like two ornery dogs."

They knew there was no jesting in that tone, and they rode off, with rage in their dark hearts, but daring not to utter a word, in the direction of the Indian Territory border.

"Oh, Tom!" cried Nancy, recovering her speech as the defeated villains disappeared beyond a hill, "how did yer do happen erlong jest when yer did?"

"I come up ther Injun nation last night," he answered, riding up to her side. "I was on my way back ter ther ranch, but decided ter stay all night in Baxter. I was at ther very hotel where ther land agent stays. Yer was jest ridin' out o' town as I got up. I'm well acquainted with ther agent, an' he

told me how yer'd happened ter be in Baxter. When he told me what yer'd overheard Hines an' Finley plannin' to do I was afraid yer'd meet ther whelps an' hev trouble. So I ordered my horse an' rid right after yer."

"I don't know what I'd done ef yer hadn't rid up," said the girl, trying to meet the admiring eyes of Tom Byers.

"Nannie, yer a mighty brave girl," he said, trying to possess himself of her hand, "but yer need some big, honest feller who thinks a heap of yer ter take keer of yer. I was thinkin' o' sellin' out my ranch an' goin' back ter mother, but if I could only persuade yer to bide long with me ther on ther Neosho I'd be plumb contented ter live allus out hyer on ther Neutral Lands."

"Oh, Tom!" she said, quickly withdrawing her hand, "pap's allin' could bide, an' I must git back ter him."

"I'll ride back with yer, Nannie," Tom declared, and they left the ford at once.

It was a very pleasant and satisfactory ride to Tom Byers, judging from the glad light that shone in his blue eyes as the young couple rode up to the dugout and were greeted by Adam Hamlet.

"Tom, I'm mighty glad ter hev yer bringin' my little gal safe home. Is all well?"

"All's well," answered Tom, warmly shaking the settler's hand. "Ther claim's yer'n, an' Nannie's mine!"

The land question was finally decided in the courts, and new settlers began to flock into the country. The league excitement subsided, and many of its warmest adherents contracted with Joy for their lands.

Tom Byers' threats evidently had the desired effect on Dick Hines, for soon after the encounter at the ford he and his gang left the country for parts unknown. Their places were taken by honest settlers. Consequently no regrets followed them, except that some of them had escaped their just deserts at the hands of the law.

Adam Hamlet secured a legal title to his claim, and in due time developed valuable coal mines along the creek.

Tom and Nancy have a comfortable home near the Neosho river, and are as happy as a well mated couple can be who possess one hundred and sixty acres of rich land under good cultivation and clear of all incumbrance.

THE END.

Take Care of the Harness.

Whether a harness is in good condition after six or eight years of hard service, or is good for nothing after two years, depends on the care taken of it. If well oiled and cleaned after every exposure to storms, the harness lasts until enough is made out of it to buy another.

It is a good plan to keep two harnesses, one for fine weather and the other for use when it is wet and rough. We saw only a few days ago a harness that its owner assured us had been used for best during eighteen years, and it was still in good condition. In that many years farmers would be obliged to buy two if not three harnesses. It is possibly in fact like this that some farmers may find abundant reason for their complaint that farming does not pay.—American Cultivator.

A Surprise.

After the morning sermon I gave the "Notices," and then announced the number of the hymn to be sung. The congregation had opened their hymn books. Seeing one of the deacons coming toward the pulpit I waited with open book. He reminded me that I had forgotten to give a notice of the ladies' meeting. I then stated to the congregation, announced the number of the hymn again, and proceeded to read it.

The feeling of the congregation—not to say my own—may be imagined when I read the first line of the hymn:

Lord, what a thoughtless wretch was I.—Homiletic Review.

A Modern Evil.

"Here is another blow at the institution of matrimony," said a cross looking man the other day as he ran his eyes over the advertisements in the daily paper.

"What is it?" asked a curious bystander.

"A furnishing store which sells all sorts of gentlemen's clothing with a guarantee that it will be kept in order for a whole year. It was bad enough when the Adversary put it into the head of some one to start a 'chaperon bureau.' Modern inventions are making the sexes entirely too independent of each other. I don't approve of it at all."—Kate Field's Washington.

DID YOU EVER

See the Inside of

The Editor's Den?

That Romantic Story.

The Spent Ball

Which we expect to print before long, will expose to your view the inside workings of that sterling journal, the Memphis Avalanche.

LOOK OUT FOR IT!

There is a driveway fifty yards long leading from the jail to the intersection of Seventeenth and Harney streets. This is paved with granite. Over this

rough road the wretch was dragged by his ruthless captors. After he reached the door he had not spoken a word and in all probability was unconscious. By the time the street was reached he was dead. It mattered not.

Though life was extinct the wretch must hang, and over a trolley wire of the electric car line went the rope, one end of which had served to drag the doomed man from his cell. Then a hundred hands pulled at the trolley wire, and the wretch was hurled into the air, and fell directly in front of the beautiful new Boyd's theater, swung the lifeless corpse.

THE CRIME.

Last Wednesday Coe called at the house of Mr. Yates on North Eighteenth street, saying he was a garbage man, to inspect the premises. Mrs. Yates allowed him to enter the yard. Not long after little Lizzie Yates, five years old, came running to the house, shrieking in agony and blood streaming from her person. She had been most brutally ravished by the negro. His description was soon in the hands of the police and he was captured Thursday hiding in a hay mow not far from the scene of his crime. His identification was complete and he was held without bail to await trial in the district court. Yesterday the child died.

EXECUTED.

Ed Neal, Cattle Thief and Murderer, Hanged.

HE CONFESSES THE DOUBLE-MURDER.

A Previous Bogus Confession Proves Unavailing—The Crime a Brutal One, an Aged Man and Wife Being the Victims.

OMAHA, Neb., Oct. 10.—Ed Neal was hanged here at 12 o'clock for the murder of Allen Jones and Dorothy Jones, an aged farmer and his wife, near this city in February, 1890.

The execution took place just as the noon whistles were blowing. The scaffold was erected in the court yard of the jail and the condemned man marched up with a firm step. His actions on the scaffold were in accordance with the nerve that he has shown since his arrest.

At the last moment Neal confessed that he did the crime unassisted and asked the forgiveness of all, especially of the Jones family.

Neal made his first confession Wednesday and placed it in the hands of Jo Clark, a woman who has taken a great deal of interest in the case and

LYNCHED.

Joe Coe, a Negro, Lynched at Omaha.

ACCUSED OF AN AWFUL CRIME.

An Infuriated Mob Batters Its Way Into the Jail and the Trembling Wretch is Beaten to Death and Hung to a Trolley Wire.

OMAHA, Neb., Oct. 10.—Over an electric railway trolley wire in front of Omaha's most beautiful place of amusement, naked as when he came into the world save for a fragment of a blue blouse and the shoes he wore, swings the dead body of Joe Coe, a negro of 20, the victim of an angry mob of incensed citizens.

Public sentiment here had been wrought up to a high pitch by the execution of Ed Neal and this tension was added to when the report became current that Lizzie Yates, the five-year-old victim of a fiendish assault by John Coe, a disreputable negro, had died.

"We will lynch the negro," was heard on every side and it was evident before nightfall that the day would be made memorable by a lynching.

Night came on with a stormy sky and a few people were on the streets. Suddenly, about 9:30 o'clock, there came a confused sound of tramping and hurrying along the paved streets toward the county jail and in a remarkably short time the jail was surrounded.

No leader seemed to control the crowd and yells filled the air, hundreds shouting at once what to do. No assault was made on the jail for many moments, the mob standing irresolute, waiting for some one to lead.

In the meantime a few policemen and a force of deputy sheriffs that had officiated in the Neal hanging were concentrated in the jail. The mob was hovering about the east entrance clamoring for some one to start the trouble.

A rush was made for the South street door of the jail, a self-appointed leader shouting: "We will get in here."

"Stop," said a glittering six-shooter in the hand of Capt. Cornack, and the leaders halted.

"What do you want?" asked the captain.

"We want that nigger," was the reply, "and we will get him. Get out of the way."

"If you take a step this way, I'll kill you," said the captain as he put the pistol under the spokesman's nose.

The round hole in the barrel backed by the officer's iron nerve did the work and the crowd abandoned the Harney street door.

Then sledges were brought and the east door was assailed. This was built of strong steel lattice. Once inside four more steel lattice doors must be broken through. This seemingly impenetrable wall stood between the crowd of angry men and their victim.

"We will get the nigger," now went up from the crowd as solid blows rang on the solid doors. It was useless. No sledge would budge against that door.

About a block away is the power house of the cable street railway company. Near it are huge piles of rails—long, heavy bars of steel. In a minute half a dozen of these were borne by sturdy hands up